

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw Prepared to Sacrifice Herself if Need Be In the Effort to Save Her Husband from the Penalty for His Crime

Character Studies of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw by Artist Alonzo Kimball

But Is Almost Unnerved by Fear that the Story She Will Tell May Cause the Thaws to Cast Her Off.

NOT ONE OF THEM IN SYMPATHY WITH HER.

Harry Thaw in Court Pays Little Heed to His Wife, Reserving His Smiles and Nods for His Mother.

By Nicola Greeley-Smith.

TODAY begins the second week of the Thaw trial. This means, so far as actualities are concerned, the steady, wearisome looking of jurors from the panel of unwilling talemen by the spectacular Mr. Jerome for the prosecution and the quiet but effective Mr. Hartbridge for the defense. Both these fishers of men are actors, as I suppose, all good lawyers have to be, more or less.

But at present interest in and out of the court-room centres, not in the actual but in the potential, and the thrill of what is about to happen carries one over the dreary monotony of what is going on. Public attention in this greatest life drama of passion New York has known is focused not on the minor characters—lawyers, witnesses and jurymen—but on the principals in the tragic cast, who have not yet spoken a word; on Harry Thaw, the defendant, and the four women, his mother, wife and sisters, who hang upon his fate.

For three days these faithful women have braved the stares of the curious and the long tedious hours to be near Harry Thaw in his ordeal. And to me the most remarkable thing about this little group is that the erratic life of Harry Thaw should have bound together, whether they will or not, two women so radically different, so ineradicably antagonistic as his mother and his pretty chorus-girl wife.

THAW'S WIFE AND MOTHER ANTAGONISTIC. Though the two sit together in court and preserve fairly well the outward evidences of friendliness, and though sensational stories of "breaks" and quarrels that we read of probably have little foundation, the nature and lives of the two women make it impossible for any real sympathy to exist between them.

One of the women is responsible for Thaw's life, the other for the crime he may have to answer for with that life.

One of them bears on her face the stamp of the goodness and virtue in which she was trained and in which the moral forces of society clustered to keep her; the other, poor, pale, white moth, bears in her eyes and on her soul the marks of the flame.

Harry Thaw's mother could never understand Harry Thaw's wife, Evelyn, pale waif of beauty that she is, live habitation of a dead soul that she seems, would never waste time trying to interpret the elder woman. To the jealousy that nature creates between the mother and the wife is added the enmity man places between the untempted and the temptress. To one of them Thaw doubtless has given many happy hours. He was probably as nice a baby, as pleasant to hold and make clothes for and give baths to as any other. No man has ever lived, indeed, who did not leave some pleasant recollection to his mother. But if the fragile girl upon whose testimony he depends for his acquittal has any pleasant memories of her witchhood beyond those involving the purchase of clothes, her face betrays her.

IF EVELYN WINS, SHE LOSES.

One would think, with her stage training, her life in studios and her early association with the swiftest people in New York, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw would shrink less from the publicity of the court-room than her mother-in-law, who had probably never faced any save a social assemblage before. But it is not so. The elder woman is by far the more composed.

Perhaps this may be accounted for by the knowledge Evelyn Thaw must have that her testimony is looked upon to save her husband. The task before her is a tremendous one to which the bravest woman would be no more than adequate.

There are very few women in the world so hardened as not to shrink from the ordeal before this twenty-year-old girl. And the most casual glance at Evelyn Thaw reveals that she is not one of them. In a few days she will have to go upon the witness stand, and before several hundred strangers tell the story of the struggle of two men for her possession which ended—as it does when two antelopes lock horns—in the death of one of them; revive old sins, blush under old shames, which it is the blessing of a nature like hers to forget quickly. And all this with the fear ever at her heart that the degrading story will be told in vain.

But if it is not told vainly, if by baring her besmirched soul to Harry Thaw's jury, she averts the unsheathed sword of Justice from his head, will she find her reward in the final turning of his heart to hers? No, indeed!

THAW'S SMILES ALL FOR THE MOTHER.

When Harry Thaw comes into court in the morning his one smile of the day is for his mother; all his glances are for her. And this is not part of his weak, self-indulgent and perhaps wicked or insane nature. It is the



Mrs. G. I. Carnegie.



Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.



Countess of Yarmouth.



Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.

"JIMMY" ROOSEVELT GETS FURNITURE FICKLE BRIDE'S HUSBAND TOOK

President's Cousin Visits Storehouse and Swears He Owns Effects Bookmaker Removed When Wife of Two Days Left Him.

John Butler, the young bookmaker, who because of his association with Harry Thaw, a very particular friend of James R. Roosevelt, Jr., several weeks ago and married her, will not enjoy the luxury of the furniture he seized from her flat and carried into storage. The action of the Roosevelt family, who want the household gear with which he provided his very particular young friend, who, by the way, is not beloved by Mrs. James R. Roosevelt, Jr., who in earlier days earned the sobriquet of "Dutch Saddle" in the Tenderloin, and the young millionaire regained possession to-day with a warrant of replevin.

Accompanied by Matthew F. Underhill, a lawyer, of No. 120 Lexington avenue, Mr. Roosevelt went to the Terminal Storage Company, at Nos. 67 and 69 East One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street, to-day and secured the return of the furniture, which he declared was his, though it had been taken from the apartment of the former Miss Moser, at No. 12 West One Hundred and Ninth street.

The young man got the warrant of replevin from the Ninth District Municipal Court. He went there in order to facilitate matters, swearing that the furniture and appointments were worth only \$200. The real value is said to be in the neighborhood of \$1,000, but if he had named that sum he would have been compelled to go to a higher court.

But, as it afterward turned out, he had been made the victim of as strange a joke as ever was perpetrated by even such vicious characters as Miss Moser and Mr. Roosevelt. His wife's love cooled in two days, and one night when he went home to his coldly furnished apartment he found it locked against him. His wife called out through the door: "Beat R. Johnny!" and a man's taunting laugh rang out into his disordered ears.

MAN AND WIFE DEAD FROM GAS IN THEIR HOME

Bodies Discovered by an Employee Who Sought Restaurant Keeper.

Jacob Wells, a restaurant keeper, sixty years old, and his wife, Rosalie, fifty, were found dead in their apartment at No. 100 Bunde street, Brooklyn, to-day. The bodies were found by a man who was pouring from a tube connected to a plug in the kitchen. Certain features of the case have led the police and Coroner Brewer to investigate. The aged couple were lying on the floor of their bedroom, where the folding-door was closed. Mr. Wells was fully dressed, but his wife was in her night clothes. The door leading to the kitchen was open, and the gas stove with which the tube was used as a connection was locked in a closet. Mr. Wells kept a restaurant at No. 20 Main street, and he left there as usual Saturday night. He and his wife were heard talking in their flat early Sunday morning. When their son-in-law called, shortly before noon, he received no response to his knocks, and it is now supposed that they were dead or unconscious at that time.

To-day, Della Mulligan, who did housework for Mrs. Wells, tried to gain admittance. Calling, she went to the restaurant, which she found had not been opened. She returned and climbed the fire-escape to the fourth floor, where the Wells lived. On opening the kitchen window she was nearly overcome by the gas that poured out. She could not see the bodies, but she climbed down to the next floor below and pounded on a window until the startled tenants admitted her. She told her story and a party broke in the door to the Wells apartment. Relatives of the family declare that they would not have committed suicide, since they lived happily and Mr. Wells did a good business. Mrs. Wells had been ill with grip for several days but her friends say she was not despondent.

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RESENT ROOSEVELT'S LETTER. TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 28.—Although the application of William MacQueen, the Paterson anarchist serving a term in the State prison, has been denied by the Court of Pardons, it is believed that he will be paroled when the court sits for its March term. It is said that the court resents the recent letter of President Roosevelt opposing MacQueen's pardon on the ground that he made an artistic speech directed against the President.

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